

MAY BE QUEEN OF LONELY ISLE IN THE PACIFIC

Miss Emily McCoy Is Descendant of Bounty Mutineer Who Settled There.

FATHER IS PRESENT RULER

She Came to America Eight Years Ago to Study Medicine and Nursing to Help Her People—Anxious to Return Now and Take Up Her Work.

Bridgeport, Conn.—Miss Emily McCoy, a graduate nurse living here, has announced to her friends that after eight years' study and tenderly caring for strangers in their illness, she was going home to her own people, the inhabitants of Pitcairn island, far off in the Pacific.

Miss McCoy looks to be twenty-eight or thirty, though she smilingly refuses to testify as to this, has midnight black hair, soft olive-white skin that suggests sunnier skies than Connecticut's, kindly hazel eyes and a pleasant round face denoting seriousness and intelligence. She is large and competent looking, the kind of woman that a nerve-racked patient likes to see enter the sickroom. To Bridgeport she has been known as a quiet, retiring, ministering angel in times of distress in prominent families.

When her friends inquired where her home was and who her people were, the romance of the South seas came out, though a few of them had known it all along.

A "Princess Royal."

Miss McCoy is the daughter of "King" J. R. McCoy, president of tiny Pitcairn island, which is two and a half miles long—a lot of land in the mid-eastern Pacific ocean, little known even to mariners because of its great distance from other land. It lies south of the Paumotu archipelago and is 300 miles from the nearest member of this group. It is seven miles in circumference, of volcanic origin, with shores rising almost perpendicularly to groves of cocoanut, plantain, banana, orange and breadfruit. In this tropical paradise Emily McCoy was born, and destined, according to local usage, to become its "queen." Her father and her grandfather had long ruled as "kings" the handful of people.

A glamour of romance hangs about the island and its people from the fact that it was originally settled in 1790 by the mutineers of the English ship Bounty, consisting of Fletcher Christian, the leader of the mutiny, eight Englishmen, six Polynesian men and twelve Polynesian women. It was not until 1808 that the outside world heard of the remarkable colony there. In 1835 Captain Beechey found here a colony of 66 people under the patriarchal rule of John Adams, the only Englishman left, who had risen to the emergency and trained the growing generation in education, religion and husbandry. There were male and female descendants of Adams, Edwin Young, Matthew McCoy and Matthew Quintal, which names, with those of George Hinn Nobbs, who later joined the colony, alone exist today. The colony has been a law-abiding, upright community since its discovery in 1825, when Beechey was astonished to find there a race of people speaking and writing English, living in Arcadian simplicity and devoting themselves to agriculture, religion and music. Only four generations have grown from the founders. Miss McCoy is of the third generation.

Women Vote There. "Our people are simple in their lives," said Miss McCoy. "There are only 155 souls on the island, and ships seldom visit us unless they need vegetables, and the only ship that we are sure to see is the yearly visit of a British warship, which is not allowed to carry women, the island being within the jurisdiction of the British high commissioner of the Pacific. We have our own little parliament and are selected yearly by the votes of both men and women over eighteen years of age. There is no competition for public office, and my father and grandfather have held the office for years.

"There has never been a resident physician on the island, for there is little sickness among us, and the people know almost nothing of medicine as it is practiced outside. It was because of the suffering of my mother before her death that I determined to go away and study medicine and nursing that I might be of more use to my people. Leaving everything, including the young man to whom I was engaged, I went on a ship that happened to touch there, to Samoa, the home of Robert Louis Stevenson, and studied in the medical mission there for a number of years until I felt that I knew enough to really be of service. Then arose the problem of getting back to lonely little Pitcairn island, lost in the waste of the ocean and seldom visited. I came to San Francisco, expecting that from there I should stand a better chance of getting a ship that would touch there.

"For nine months I was in California waiting, and finally, seeing no chance, I decided to improve my time by continuing my studies of medicine, dentistry and nursing, and wrote to a

friend in Philadelphia whose husband, a doctor, had once visited Pitcairn. The doctor told me to come East to Battle Creek, Mich., where he was going, and take a postgraduate course in nursing there. This I did. I was enjoying myself seeing the wonders of America. Everything was strange. I have stood and looked up at the big buildings in Chicago and New York and wondered if I was dreaming. At home we live in little thatched one-story houses, very neat and pretty, but without stairs. I never saw stairs until I came to America, and I am not quite used to them after eight years.

Wants to Go Back.

"After graduating from Battle Creek I came East with a patient and finally to New York and Bridgeport, where I have been since. But always I have wanted to get back. Always I have watched for ships that would surely touch at Pitcairn. In the meantime my people there have gone on much as they always have, living their beautiful lives. There is no money in circulation there, none of the crimes of the big outside world, no intoxicants, and though they raise tobacco no one smokes. There is no discussion of suffrage arguments because women have always voted. I have seldom heard from them; it was over a year the last time that I waited for a letter from home, and they waited for a ship to come and get it. One of the few letters brought me news of the death of the young man to whom I was engaged. When the Panama canal was opened it promised a short cut to the island, with the probability that some ships would land at my home, and I determined to go. But recently, when I had made plans, there came a slide in the canal and I have been waiting now for that to be cleared.

"I want to get back and begin caring for my own. Though I am not a physician I know enough about medicine to take care of ordinary cases, and there is no law there against my doing it. I have done all sorts of dental work except gold fillings.

Miss McCoy hopes to help develop her island. Twenty-eight kinds of fruit are grown there, and she thinks a canning factory would pay. The climate is ideal; she never saw snow until she reached California. As women vote in her island there is no reason why a woman shouldn't be president, and though she says she isn't going after the job, she might not refuse it, because it would enable her to be of more service. She is very fond of music, as are the Tahitian people, and she will carry back with her a piano. The only other musical instrument on the island is an organ, given to the natives by Queen Victoria many years ago.

Although the young man to whom she was engaged is dead, and there are more women than men on the island, there are still eligible young men there, she admitted when denying with merry eyes that she was going to take back anyone with her. No one is allowed to land there and settle from the outside world, but she said she thought that should she take back a captive he would probably be admitted for the sake of getting her back with her medical, dental and nursing knowledge.

KNOWS EXACT DAY OF BIRTH

Centenarian of Blackfoot Tribe Probably Only Indian in Country Who Does.

Browning, Mont.—O-Kop-O-Nee, centenarian of the Blackfoot tribe, Glacier National park reservation, probably is the only living Indian who knows the exact day of his birth. Most Indians figure they are "about so old,"

figuring so many "moons." But O-Kop-O-Nee came into this world the day his father, a noted chief, passed to the happy hunting grounds. A priest, who lived among the Blackfoot tribe, chiseled a headstone for the chief's grave, and on it he put the date. The date chiseled on the grave of the Blackfoot chief says "May 13, 1815." The idea of establishing a national Indian day for all tribes of Red Men to celebrate simultaneously throughout the country, was first advocated 20 years ago by O-Kop-O-Nee, who is a linguist, and has for many years taken a decided interest in his red brethren of many tribes.

John Goes Begging.

Marinette, Wis.—Because the government is unable to get a postmaster to serve at Washington Harbor, near here, the postoffice there has been discontinued.



O-Kop-O-Nee.

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Lives Up to His Name. Tarrytown, N. Y.—Because Earl G. Forgot lived up to his name and forgot to hang a license on his automobile he had to pay \$10 in court.

RAZORBACKS ARE ALMOST EXTINCT

Civil War Order Increased Original Proves of Wild Hogs in Ozarks.

YIELD TO BETTER STOCK

Generations of Continuous Inbreeding and Foraging for Food Caused Original Thoroughbreds to Revert to Wild State.

Kansas City, Mo.—From 50 to 75 years ago the Ozarks were sparsely settled. People did not raise hogs, but let them raise themselves. When the larder was empty, instead of going to the well-kept pigpen and killing a family pet that was sleek and fat, they took down the gun and went forth in the forest to stalk and slay an animal with the body of a sun fish and the head of an antelope.

It is thickly covered with bristles, those along the vertebrae being little short of spines. In other words, it is the razorback hog of the Ozarks, which, when fully grown and thoroughly aroused, is about as formidable in a fight as his prototype, the wild boar of Russia. He is the descendant of the few real hogs that were brought into the country by the earliest settlers and turned out to shift for themselves.

A dozen generations of continuous inbreeding and predatory foraging for wild food will cause any thoroughbred hog to revert to what the razorback really is, a wild hog.

The Civil war was the cause of large accessions to the numbers of razorbacks until, a dozen years later, they ranged the country in great droves.

Under order No. 11 the farm lands of the four best counties on the western border of Missouri were depopulated in 15 days. Very few of these people were able to take their hogs with them. As the winter storms of a couple of months later came down on them from the north the pigs would naturally drift ahead of the weather, until they found themselves in the timber of the Ozarks, with an abundance of acorns and nuts, their favorite wild food.

Missouri Hogs to Mountains.

So far as order No. 11 is responsible for the relapse of Missouri hogs into Arkansas razorbacks is concerned, I freely admit, it is largely conjectural and theoretical; but a dozen years later, with the advent of the red leg grasshoppers, came another epoch in the history of the razorbacks.

The grasshopper scourge struck the Missouri valley in 1875 and cleaned up and destroyed all vegetation so completely that meadows, farms and lawns all had the appearance of plowed ground. Very few people who had hogs had anything for them to eat. They were therefore forced to ship every fat hog to the packers "to save their lives," and every stock hog to districts beyond the country devastated by the hoppers.

In the spring of 1876 the eggs left in the ground by the hoppers fell before hatched out in numbers sufficient to eat every sign of greenness that showed itself up to June. Then they arose in clouds that darkened the sun and departed. In the meantime our hog territory was practically without a hog and there was consequently a scramble to keep our market going with hogs for the packers, and an even greater one on the part of the raiser to restock his place with young ones to grow into money.

Shippers went to the Ozarks and soon a stream of razorbacks poured into our market; just how many they bought and paid somebody for, and how many they "annexed," I never knew, but for a time they were thick enough at the yards to make us very tired of razorbacks.

Razorback Has Seen His Day.

The packers took the old hogs at a price somewhat below that of good hogs and we got rid of them all right, but the pigs were so thin and small that they seemed to melt away through the cracks in the fences and under the gates. Every load of them was represented by claims for short age from the count into the yards. When I say that fifty fat hogs were a fair load for one of the 30-foot cars then in use and that I counted out of one of the same sized cars 937 razorbacks the reader may get an idea of what they were to handle. The shipper had built into the car two extra decks or floors, but even then there were more than six times as many to the deck as of ordinary hogs.

The industry did not last long, as the stock hogs required about three times as long to mature, and, of course, three times as much feed, and they would not do at all to restock a farm, being inferior in every respect to what the market demands as a desirable hog, and they were soon crowded out by importations from territory that was stocked with good breeds.

The razorback has seen his day, and in a few decades more will become extinct as the buffalo; yielding his place to the Berkshire and Wagon, as the buffalo has to the Hereford and the Shorthorn.

Lives Up to His Name. Tarrytown, N. Y.—Because Earl G. Forgot lived up to his name and forgot to hang a license on his automobile he had to pay \$10 in court.

The KITCHEN CABINET

SOME FISH DISHES.

Only slaves die of overwork. Labor is neither cruel nor ungrateful; it restores the strong though we give it a hundredfold and unlike your financial operations the revenue is what brings the capital. Put your soul into your work, and joy and health will be yours.—Martin Luther.

For those who are not able to get fresh fish, the canned flakes are easy to prepare and very good eating.

Fish Flakes With Bacon.—Boil potatoes in salted water until tender; add two cupfuls of canned fish flakes, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and a beaten egg. Take up by the rounding tablespoonful, shape lightly and fry in deep fat to a delicate amber color. Roll slices of bacon into cylinders, run a toothpick through each to hold it in place and fry until well cooked. Serve a bacon roll with each fish ball.

Fish Flakes on Toast.—Make a white sauce by melting two tablespoonfuls of butter and when bubbling hot add two tablespoonfuls of flour, mix well and add a cupful of milk, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper and two cupfuls of flakes. Turn out on buttered toast and serve with grated hard-cooked egg sprinkled over the fish.

Fish Flake Salad.—Mix together three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, two of vinegar, a teaspoonful of grated onion, a half teaspoonful of paprika, and pour over two cupfuls of flaked fish; let stand an hour or two in a cool place. Turn upon a bed of crisp lettuce just before serving. Garnish with slices of pickled beets cut in various forms.

Fish Flakes Mexican Style.—Simmer together one and a half cupfuls of tomatoes, half a green pepper, chopped, one slice of onion, and a fourth of a teaspoonful of salt. Put through a sieve and add two cupfuls of fish flakes, a tablespoonful of butter and heat thoroughly. Serve with boiled rice.

Fish Casserole.—Take a large can of fish flakes or two cupfuls of any cooked white fish, two small onions, sliced, two green peppers, shredded, a fourth of a cupful of melted butter, two cupfuls of boiled rice, a pint of tomato pulp, a teaspoonful and a quarter of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, combine and bake for fifty minutes.

Fish Casserole.—Take a large can of fish flakes or two cupfuls of any cooked white fish, two small onions, sliced, two green peppers, shredded, a fourth of a cupful of melted butter, two cupfuls of boiled rice, a pint of tomato pulp, a teaspoonful and a quarter of salt, a fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper, combine and bake for fifty minutes.

DIFFERENT EGG DISHES.

Your success and happiness lie in you.

External conditions are the accidents of life, its outer trappings.—Bishop Fallows.

At this season of the year when eggs are plentiful no menu is complete without eggs served in some form. This is the time to revel in sponge cakes, angel foods, omelets and such dishes, using numbers of eggs which we have denied ourselves during the scarcity of eggs. The following dishes may prove suggestive.

Lucanian Eggs.—Prepare a cupful of cooked macaroni, a cupful and three-fourths of white sauce, a half cupful of grated cheese, three-fourths of a cupful of buttered crumbs and salt, paprika and onion juice to taste. Hard cook five eggs in the shell and when cool cut in eighths. Put a layer of macaroni in a buttered baking dish, add half of the white sauce, all of the cheese and a teaspoonful of onion juice, and half of the eggs, repeat with another layer of macaroni, eggs and white sauce and cover with the buttered crumbs. Bake until the crumbs are brown. To make the white sauce use three tablespoonfuls of butter, three of flour, a half teaspoonful of salt, paprika to taste and one and three-fourths cupfuls of milk; cook until smooth and thick.

Supper Dish.—A simple and appetizing hot dish to serve for a supper dish is prepared by spreading slices of bread with butter, place in a baking dish and pour over a pint of milk, mixed with two beaten eggs, a dash of salt and red pepper and a half a cupful of grated cheese. Cover with buttered crumbs and bake until firm.

Mexican Scrambled Eggs.—Roast a dozen green peppers, peel, remove seeds and chop, then boil until tender in a very little water and season well with butter. Beat six eggs, add salt and the peppers and stir for a moment in hot butter. Serve hot.

PLEASING COMBINATIONS.

The shortest and surest way to live with honor in the world, is to be in reality what we would appear to be; all human virtues increase and strengthen themselves by the practice and experience of them.—Socrates.

There are such lovely colors in the fruits and vegetables which we put upon our tables that with a little taste and study of color combinations many artistic results may be obtained. We should be as careful about putting colors that clash together in a dish of food, as we should in combinations of colors in wearing apparel.

As the eye is an important organ to please in regard to food, it is quite necessary that we prepare our food so that it appeals to the sight. Sameness and monotony are relieved by a touch of color in the garnish and dullness is relieved by contrast in the courses.

Few cooks ever make the mistake of serving the same food repeated in some other form in the meal, for example serving tomato soup and tomato salad; this occurs, however, often than it should.

A beet salad cut in small cubes, dressed with a boiled or a mayonnaise dressing that has been tinted with pink coloring, using some of the beet water or a little vegetable color, is a most pleasing and appetizing dish.

A small crescent of lemon and a spray of parsley makes a most dainty garnish for a whitefish. For the fish course at dinner a crescent of potato rolled in chopped parsley furnishes the bit of vegetable that is always tasty with the fish. Another way to use lemon and parsley is to cut a thin slice, leaving on the colorful yellow peel and in the center of the slice heap a little finely minced parsley. Use these slices as a garnish on the platter with the fish.

Net Worthless. "I always thought that Jinks was leading a worthless life."

"Wasn't he?"

"No; his life was insured for a thousand."

SHORTCAKES WE LIKE.

Learn to consume your own smoke. If you have misfortunes, pains, diseases, losses, keep them to yourself. Hurry them. Those who know you have them, will love and admire you infinitely more for your suppression. A stout heart and persistent cheerfulness will be more than a match for all your troubles.—Orison Sweet Marden.

The best shortcakes are made with out sweetening and without eggs. The dough should be handled as little and as lightly as possible. If made in one large cake they are split much easier if they are patted thin, brushed with melted butter and another thin layer placed on top. When baked these layers separate without rough edges or are not as apt to soak when the berries are added. If liked as individual cakes cut out with a large biscuit cutter. These may be prepared as the larger ones were, or split and spread with butter and berries.

A good recipe for shortcakes is the following: Take two cupfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, three tablespoonfuls of lard and three of butter, a half cupful of cold milk. Mix and sift the dry ingredients, then with two knives cut in the lard and butter, then add the milk and roll out lightly.

Any fruit mixture makes a good filling. Crush a few strawberries, enough to make a good layer on top and between the crusts, then put a few whole or halved berries for a garnish on top. Serve with whipped cream.

For a change sometime crush a cupful of berries and mix them with a cupful of cream, sweetened well; put on as usual and garnish with sliced berries.

Pineapple Shortcake.—Cut the pineapple in small cubes and stew until tender, with sugar to taste. Cool and chill on ice. Strain off the juice to use in pudding sauce, and to the fruit add whipped cream. Pile between and on the top of the cakes and garnish with a candied cherry or cranberry.

Raspberry and Currant Shortcake.—These may be made of the canned variety, but are not nearly as good as the fresh. Mix with the berries, if fresh, a cupful of strained currant juice to a quart of the berries. If canned berries are used add a little currant juice or jelly to give a flavor. Garnish with whipped cream.

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WORTH KNOWING

China is said to be the only country besides America in which the alligator can be found.

Scientists now tell us that it is not heat that causes sunstroke. They lay the blame to the sun's invisible violet rays.

When the war began General de Castelnau, the French commander, had eight sons in the army. He has five left, the others having been killed in action.

The snowy top of Mount Everest in India is plainly visible to the unaided eye from points 107 miles distant.

At a voltage of 73,000 a Swedish hydroelectric company will transmit 150,000 horse power a distance of 154 miles.

The production of tungsten ores in the United States during 1915 broke all records. It was equivalent to about 2,165 short tons of concentrates, carrying 60 per cent of tungsten trioxide, and was valued at more than \$2,000,000.

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 24-1916.

Net Worthless. "I always thought that Jinks was leading a worthless life."

"Wasn't he?"

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